

APRIL, 1841.

MUSICAL REPORTER.

SACRED SONG.

MUSICAL REVOLUTION IN SWITZERLAND.
LONDON MUSICAL LIBRARY.

The susceptibility of strong mental impressions from Music is one of the natural faculties with which our Creator has endowed us. Is there not reason to fear that its importance is not sufficiently appreciated, and its powers not sufficiently called forth? The early history of all nations presents instances of its wondrous efficacy. Witness the first periods of Greece, Britain, and Scandinavia, and the national songs of Trytæus, whom Plato apostrophises as *the divine poet, wise and good*. Aristotle, though often disposed to contest his master's doctrines, concurs with him here, in attributing to music a great *moral* power. By divine institution, sacred song, of which we have the inspired remains in the Book of Psalms and other parts of the old Testament, formed almost the only *social* worship of the Hebrew temple. At the Reformation, this grand instrument of emotion was not entirely overlooked. Unhappily, in England and Scotland, either it was not put into action, or the attempt was ill conducted and abortive. In France, for a time it produced great effects; of which some interesting notices are given in the

delightful compilations of a pious and talented lady, lately given to our country, "The Life of Olympia Fulvia Morata." But the counteraction and destruction of the Reformation in France, brought down what remained to them of national song to the wretched state of *chanson* and *chansonnettes*, the best of which were mere conceits, often tame and silly, and the generality of an immoral character; and by a just judgment, the music became unworthy of song; it was *screaming* by notes.

In Germany, the matter took a better course. The German tribes had been always addicted to music of great pathos and compass; and their language, unpolished as it was, by its copiousness, flexibility, and strength, gave them a great advantage over the French. Luther had ear, science, and execution. While by his version of the Bible, every line of which bears witness to his euphonic taste and judgment, he stamped the language with classical dignity, his hymns and his music powerfully seconded by other and superior poets, poured the stream of sacred melody through the land. No country can pretend to vie with Germany in the richness of its religious music. Its stock of hymns, beginning with the age of the Hussites, but of which few are even now obsolete, is moderately stated at *seventy thousand*; a late writer in the *Archives du Christianisme* estimates them at *more than eighty thousand*.

Great Britain can scarcely pretend to the twentieth

part of this number! This astonishing amount of the German hymnology is characterised by a decided strain of evangelical sentiment and experimental piety, their versification is most mellifluous, and their tone full of tenderness and power. It is a popular treasure of doctrine and practice; and it has been a grand means of keeping the flame of religion glowing on the cottage-hearths of the peasantry, in many happy instances, when a spurious gospel had taken possession of the churches. The band of devoted men in France and Switzerland, who are laboring so much in the Lord, have not forgotten this department. In both those countries, vigorous efforts have been lately made for the restoring, or to speak more properly the creating, of a French national psalmody.

That these are among the means by which 'the Lord whom we seek is preparing his way, and coming to his temple,' is a persuasion which seems to be powerfully confirmed by a most remarkable phenomenon, which is now operating on a grand scale in the Canton of Vaud, and of which we have a large narrative in the *Sémeur* of July 16. We shall endeavor to extract the essence, by selecting and abridging.

In the southwest of Switzerland, a *Musical Revolution* is rapidly taking effect. Its watchword is *Harmony*; its object is to give a new direction to popular singing; and its means may be found

wherever there are persons willing to take a little pains, and who can find a leader to give them a little instruction, and to guide their voices in singing the charms of their country and the praises of their God.

Long was it thought that French Switzerland could not march with the German cantons in vocal music. Long has the lake of Geneva heard little along its shores but coarse, vulgar and obscene ballads. Lately, the Students of Geneva and Lausanne have labored to counteract this evil, by composing patriotic songs, and endeavoring to give them popular circulation. The effort has been happily successful, but within a small circle. The *Religious Awakening*, which is making daily progress in Switzerland, has had great effect in improving the national singing. New methods have been adopted in many schools to train the children to the execution of hymns with a fine and simple harmony; and the effects have been so far pleasing. But something was wanted to reach the mass of the people; and that, the kindness of Providence has supplied.

A few years ago, M. Kaupert, a Saxon gentleman, who has long resided at Morges, proposed to teach gratuitously the whole population of young and willing persons in any village or small town, to sing together. The rumor attracted considerable attention, and drew forth a variety of opinions. But soon his promises were realized, and all scepticism was silenced. At Morges and in the neighboring villages, concerts of the voice alone were heard, produ-

cing such a noble and simple harmony, as no person in the whole country had before the least idea of. He was induced to extend his benevolent labors. He electrified, as it were, the whole side of the Lake down to Geneva. Every where the *Magician of Song* was followed by crowds. The moral effect of this is beyond calculation; already the result, in this respect, excites astonishment.

M. Kaupert commonly began in schools and other large rooms. Persons of all ages and of every rank in society flocked to these meetings. It was soon necessary to ask for the use of the churches; and sometimes large assemblies have been held in the open air. In the former places, hymns are sung; and in the latter songs, patriotic or descriptive, but all free from any immoral taint.

His plan is to trace, in a simple and clear manner, upon a large black board, the notes of each lesson; and he furnishes each one of his pupils with a card or paper, containing what he judges fit for each step of instruction. He usually succeeds in ten lectures to qualify these vast masses to execute the simple and touching hymn or song, in parts and full concert, enrapturing all who witness the scene. (In the introductory lectures, he strongly affects the imagination and the sensibilities of his hearers, by his description of the powers and the intention of music to breathe noble and generous sentiments, to harmonize the minds and hearts of men, to honor our country, to excite admiration of the works of God;

and, as the highest point of all, to show forth his praises. These large assemblages follow his instruction, and catch his manner of execution with an enthusiasm perfectly astonishing. His kind manner and untiring patience have a great share in producing the effects which so surprise us.

The great and learned city of Geneva invited the musical philanthropist to visit and charm its population. Some of the higher classes became alarmed ; but, in the result, they too were carried down the stream. Pastors, professors, magistrates, ladies of the first rank, persons the most distinguished for learning and science, were seen side by side with children and poor people, listening and learning from M. Kaupert. When the grand meeting took place, no church could receive the multitude, and they repaired to the Plain Palais, in number four thousand singers. Here, however, the success did not answer expectation ; the wind acted unfavorably upon the vibrations of the air, and perhaps the distance of the extremes made it impossible to keep time. But M. Kaupert was loaded with expressions of admiration and thanks, and a medal was struck in honor of him ; a mark of respect, which in Switzerland is never conferred but upon what is judged to be in the highest order of merit.

At Lausanne, his instructions were sought with universal avidity. Many, who had been accustomed to spend their evenings in dissipation, began to employ them entirely in learning the new style of music.

Children and their parents, all the schools, the professors and students of the college, servants and mistresses, workmen and masters, persons who had been the most opposed to each other in religion and politics, the inhabitants of different villages distinguished by banners,—all were attracted, all seemed to be of one heart and soul. When the previous training was complete, a day was fixed for the grand concert. More than two thousand singers were arranged in the great church, the noblest Gothic building in Switzerland; the flags of villages and societies were tastefully arranged in an ivy-clad tower; the vast multitude who came to hear were disposed within and without; and then was sung a hymn to an air of Luther's composing,—simple, grave, noble. But, O the effect! No words can utter it! The impression will never be forgotten. Other hymns were sung; and a most touching patriotic song, the words of which we owe to Mr. Oliver, named *La Patrie*, 'Our country, Helvetia! Helvetia!'

The happy fruits of this *Musical Revolution* show themselves almost every where. In the summer evenings they are seen in the churchyard, or on the village-green. In the streets and on the roads, the ear of the passenger is met by the sweet sounds. In these groups we perceive some failures of execution, compared with the fine style when led by M. Kaupert; but attention and practice will remedy them.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the Music declamatory Academy held in the Concert-room
of the 'Friends to Music in the Austrian Empire,' on the 8th of De-
cember, in honor of the immortal masters, Haydn, Mozart, and
Beethoven.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. N. VOGL.

Man on his pilgrimage delights to build
A monument to what is beautiful,
E'en if a transient one, which shortly flies,
Follows the lost one, as the dew of night.
Man loves to show, that from his heart responds
The beautiful, which he has learned elsewhere,
Even as the tones which sound from Memnon's head,
As soon as morning lights it with her ray.

The very savage piles a heap of stones
In desert spot, where some dear friend has died;
Yea, he erects it, though he does not know,
Whether man's foot shall e'er approach the place;
It is his heart, which urges on the task.
The man of wealth builds high an ornament,
Adorned with statue, column, and deep verse.
The singer sings a song, a waving leaf,
Which he anon to wanton winds resigns,
Himself is as the sower, scattering grain;
And e'en as they, so does each noble soul
Build silent in his bosom's deep recess,
A monument to what is beautiful.

Then take it not amiss that also these,
Euterpe's sons, in honor of their masters,
Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, have built up
A transient monument of their esteem.

O, have you often shown, by the applause,
Which music's power forced you to bestow,
How much you joy'd in lovely tones, how felt,
When those great master's holy, charmed sounds,
Like spirit voices from a better world,
Enwrapp'd in divinest melody.

Then grant these youths the privilege, that they
May honor in their works the mighty dead,
Be gracious to the tribute that they pay,
Their homage to the manes of the great.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

.. The Javanese have a tradition, that their first idea of music arose from the circumstance of some one of their ancestors having heard the air make a melodious sound as it passed through a bamboo tube, which hung accidentally on a tree, and was induced to imitate it. Thus the fable that music came from heaven.

In some of the Australasian islands, they have a curious specimen of Æolian instrument, formed of Bamboo. Mrs. Labillardiere listened to one hanging vertically by the sea shore. It elicited some fine cadences, intermixed with discordant notes.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

At the time when the operas of *Ariodant*, *Euphrosine*, and *Statonice* compositions of Mehul, received the greatest applause, the Consul Napoleon could not cease taunting the composer with the observation, that his works were without doubt very fine, but did not contain one single melody that could be compared to those of the Italian masters. 'Learned music, learned music you give us, it is true my friend, but as to sweetness, pleasing and enlivening melody, in that you Frenchmen are as deficient as the Germans?' Mehul made no reply, but went forthwith to his friend, Marsollier, and begged of him to write a small and very lively opera, the plot of which should be sufficiently insipid to be ascribed to a *libretto* poet; but at the same time enjoined him to preserve the greatest secrecy on the subject. Marsollier set to work immediately, and wrote the opera *Imalo* with the greatest possible rapidity. He delivered it to Mehul who as speedily composed to it the well known charming music, which to this day never fails to enrapture the public. Marsollier now waited on the committee of the *Opera Comique*, to inform them that he had received from Italy a score, the music of which was delightful, and that, notwithstanding the insipidity of the poem, he had taken the trouble to translate it from the Italian. (The score

had previously been copied in an unknown hand writing.) The actors on hearing the new work were enraptured with it, and wished to study the parts forthwith, not without much contention as to their allotment, and all the journals were filled with pompous announcements of the expected production of a delightful opera by an Italian master. The first representation was advertised, the Consul expressed his intention to be present, and invited Mehul to accompany him. 'It will be a sore subject for you my poor friend, but perhaps while hearing melodies so totally different from your school, you may be cured of the mania of writing nothing but scientific abstruseness.' Mehul pretended to be offended with Buonaparte's remarks, and refused to go to the theatre. On being further urged, however, he consented. At the very overture the Consul began to testify the loudest applause; every thing was charming, natural, full of grace and freshness; the signs of his approbation became louder and louder, and he exclaimed in raptures,—'In truth nothing can surpass Italian music!' The opera was concluded amidst the most enthusiastic applause, and the names of the authors were called for with intense curiosity. Martin, the manager, asked Marsollier if he wished to be named as the translator? 'No!' replied the latter, 'but as the author of the drama; and you may announce at the same time that the music is by Mehul.' The astonishment on the stage was universal, for the secret had been so well kept, that none of the

performers had even guessed the truth. The curtain rose again, after the three usual universal bravos. The Consul had sense enough to make the best of the joke ; he laughed, appeared satisfied, and took the trick in good part. ' May you always deceive me in a similar manner,' said he to Mehul ; ' I shall always be glad, both for the sake of your reputation, and my delight.'

THE LOVELY LAND.

BEETHOVEN.

Know'st thou the land where the sweet citron grows,
Where mid dark leaves the golden orange glows,
Where the soft zephyrs from blue heavens breathe,
And gentle myrtles with proud laurels wreath?

Know'st thou it well? Then Oh!
With thee, my dearest, thither would I go.

Know'st thou the house that rests on columns high,
Whose sparkling halls oppress the dazzled eye,
Where marble figures look on me so mild,
And seem to say, 'and could they harm thee child?'

Know'st thou it well? Then Oh!
With thee, my dearest, thither would I go.

Know'st thou the mountain, and its air-built bridge,
Within whose caverns lurks the dragon's brood,
Whence rolls the rent rock, and the rushing flood?

Know'st thou it well? Then Oh!
With thee, my dearest, thither would I go.

CHOIR MUSIC.

Time and tune lay at the foundation of all musical performance. Without tune we should have discords and jargon beyond measure ; and without time the effect can be scarcely less disagreeable. In choir singing these are the first steps, the elementary principles, without which the performance does not deserve the name of music. In regard to tune we shall at present say but little. It is a point that constitutes so important an item in the discipline of the school, the rehearsal, the concert room and the choir, that no man would long be tolerated, who should habitually violate its laws. It is an essential, the absence of which is readily detected, and even handed justice is generally dealt out to the offender. We by no means say that every singer is perfect in regard to tune. But as a general thing, those who sing out of tune are not tolerated by musicians of any class or grade.

In regard to time the case is somewhat different. In some of our best choirs—Best did we say ? No. In some of our most popular choirs, in many, whose reputation stands at the very highest point, habits are cherished, which destroy all precision, and which sacrifice the time continually. We wish at present to mention but one circumstance, that seems to us to be a more fruitful cause of inaccuracy in time than any other that can be mentioned.

In most of our cities, large towns, &c. the organ is very generally used in connection with the choir. This is well. In a large proportion of the churches where the organ is used, it is played by the same person, who officiates as chorister. The propriety of this practice in general, we feel disposed to deny; and though there are some undoubted exceptions, this by no means affects the rule as a matter of general interest. It is a fact, that a great majority of singers will take their time from some one who leads, rather than discipline themselves to mark it with perfect accuracy for themselves. Some one in every choir must act as conductor. If instead of doing this himself, the chorister takes his seat at the organ, and by means of the instrument governs the movements of the choir, then the organ and not the chorister becomes the conductor, and is listened to as the real leader. Instead of being an accompaniment as it should be, the organ immediately assumes the position of principal, and the choir is degraded to the rank of accompaniment.

Under such circumstances, it may be possible to produce strict discipline and a proper degree of promptness. But whatever may be said in relation to *possibilities*, experience shows that all the *probabilities* are in the other scale. For a choir to be well drilled in regard to time with the chorister at the organ is a circumstance, that rarely happens. The choir almost invariably get in the habit of taking from the organ both time and tune. When they

hear the instrument, they give the response; and the voices come in after their forerunner like an echo from a distant hill-top.

When listening to some of our fashionable choirs, we have often been at a loss to decide whether to be more vexed or amused, more disposed to censure or ridicule the performance. The whole mode of operation seems to be this. A hymn is read. The chorister takes his seat at the organ and plays the prelude. At a proper time the members of the choir rise in their places with all possible precision. When the proper moment arrives, the organ bursts in upon the tune with awful grandeur, followed the next moment by the choir in full chorus with equal majesty. The organ takes the lead, and the choir follows at about half a beat behind.

In the days of our childhood we were often amused by a description of what the old people called deaconing the hymn. It was formerly the custom for the deacon of the church to rise in his place, and read two lines of poetry, after which the choir struck up the tune and sung the same. The deacon then read two more lines, and the choir sung as before. This process, which was technically called deaconing, we once considered entirely obsolete. But in this respect we acknowledge our error. The days of deaconing are not past. Perhaps we should rather say, the days of deaconing have returned. Formerly the grave officer of the church, deaconed the hymn, and the choir followed at their leisure.

Now the organ does the deaconing, and the choir follow as of yore.

If we should hear a performance, in which the base was allowed to strike every note a half beat before the treble, we should call such a freak the very height of absurdity. And yet the organist may be guilty of the same act, and come off with perfect impunity. Now there certainly is 'no accounting for tastes,' or as our old schoolmaster used to say, 'De gustibus nil disputandum.' And many of our organists may be unable to comprehend the taste that we avow. Yet in sober truth, we would as soon choose to hear the base lead off, and the treble follow at their leisure, as to hear an organ driving away at high pressure speed, while the choir follows at an unmeaning pace,

"And like a wounded snake drags its slow length along."

The remedy for this habit will be reserved as the subject of a future article.

BAD SENTIMENT.

The evil effects of bad sentiment in music may not be seen or felt immediately, but, like malaria inhaled in the sunshine, it *will prove* destructive. Like poison taken in Nectar, it may be sweet to the taste, but still it is *poison*, and will work its deadly influence!

ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC.

THOMAS MOORE.

In its infant state, poetry has been seldom separated from music, and it is probable, that most of the stanzas cited by the analysts were meant originally to be associated with song. Of some of the juvenile works of St. Columbianus we are told, that they "were worthy of being sung;" and a scene, brought vividly in a few words before our eyes, by the Irish biographer of Columbia, represents the holy man sitting, along with his brethren, upon the banks of the beautiful lake Kee, while among them was a poet skilled, we are told, in modulating song or verse after the manner of his art. That it was to the accompaniment of a strange instrument, called the *cruit*, they performed these songs or chants, appears to be the most general opinion. In some districts on the death of Columbia, preserved in the annals of the four masters, we find mention of this kind of harp in rather a touching passage. "Like the song of the cruit without joy, is the sound that follows our master to the tomb." The common use of this instrument in the eighth century, as an accompaniment to the voice, may be implied from Bede's account of the religious poet Caedmon, who, in order to avoid taking a part in the light songs of society, always rose, as he tells us, from the table, when the harp was sent round, and it came to his turn to sing

and play. The Italians, who are known to have been in possession of the harp before the time of Dante, are by a learned musician of their own country, Galilei, said to have derived it from Ireland. The instrument, according to his account, was no other than a *cithara* with many strings, having at the time when he wrote, four octaves and a tone in compass.

How little music, though so powerful in its influence on the feelings, either springs from the intellect or is dependent on it, appears from the fact, that some of the most exquisite effusions of this art have had their origin among the simplest and most uncultivated people. Nor can all that taste and science bring afterwards to the task do more in general, than diversify by new combinations those first wild strains of gaiety and passion, into which nature has infused her original inspiration. In Greece the sweetness of the ancient music had already been lost, when all the other arts were but on their way to perfection. And from the account given by Giraldus Cambrensis of the Irish harpers of the twelfth century, it may be inferred that the melodies of the country at the earlier period, of which we are speaking, were in some degree like the first music of the infant age of Greece, and partook of the freshness of that morning of mind and hope, which was then awakening around them.

With respect to the structure of the Irish harp, there does not appear to have been any thing accu-

rately ascertained ; but from that retentiveness of all belonging to the past, which have characterized this people, it appears most probable that their favorite instrument was kept sacredly unaltered, and remained the same perhaps in later times, when it charmed the ears of English poets and philosophers, as when it had been modulated by the bard Cronan in the sixth century upon the banks of the lake Kee.

It would appear that the church music likewise of the Irish enjoyed no inconsiderable repute in the seventh century, as we find Gertrude, the daughter of the potent Maire de Palais, Pepin, sending to Ireland for persons qualified to instruct the nuns of the Abbey of Nivelles in psalmody ; and the great monastery of Bangor or Benchoir, near Carrickfurgus, is supposed by Ware to have derived its name from the White Choir, which belonged to it. A certain set of antiquarians, whose favorite object is to prove that the Irish church was in no respect connected with Rome, have imagined some mode, through the medium of Asiatic missionaries, by which her chant or psalmody might have been derived to her directly from the Greeks. But their whole hypothesis is shown to be a train of mere gratuitous assumption ; and it is little doubted, that before the introduction of the Latin or Gregorian chant by St. Malachy, which took place in the twelfth century, the style of music, followed by the Irish in their church service, was that, which had been introduced by St. Patrick and his companions from Gaul.

RECITATIVE.

GARDINER'S MUSIC OF NATURE.

This is a species of musical declamation, in which the singer interweaves the inflections of the speaking voice. If melody is the poetry of music, recitative may be considered as the prose; a discourse in which the performer is neither restricted to sound nor measure, so long as he keeps to the harmony upon the bar. The perfection of recitative depends upon a happy choice of words, in which contrary emotions are expressed; nor should the melody of the words betray the singer into those cries and psalmodic tones, which render the language flat and inarticulate. Its character should be that of force and distinctness, and it may be said that *we recite the best when we sing the least*. In the opera, the business of recitative is that of narration in the dramatic dialogue, forming a connecting link between the concerted pieces and the airs. In the works of the old masters it is carried to a tiresome length. Though it raises the language of the stage above the common dialect, yet it falls very short of the fascinating powers of song. Without it, the richness of the airs would lull us into satiety and drowsiness; for as Rosseau observes, Demosthenes speaking the whole day would tire in the end; but it would not thence follow that Demosthenes was a tiresome orator.

PROPERTIES OF MUSIC.

IDEAS AND REFLECTIONS BY PRINCE GEORGE OF HANOVER.
FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 126.)

Another masterpiece. Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, makes present to the listener the pride of a ruler, the arrogance of a priest, paternal, maternal and filial affection, the gentle ties of love, the courage of a hero, a people's cry for vengeance, the pains of separation, the agonies of death, the exulting overflow of rapture at unhopd-for salvation—all with such inimitable art, so incomparably complete, that the audience are on the very point of giving way under the excess of the storm of feelings excited in them.

As a musical representation of an incident of social life, Carl Von Weber's composition, *The Summons to the Dance*, is remarkable for the truth and precision with which all the peculiarities and trifling occurrences of a ball are sketched; the invitation of the gentlemen, the acceptance of the lady, the dance itself, the conversation during the interval, the repetition of the dance, and the leading back of the lady to her seat, with the grateful acknowledgments of the gentleman—all this accurately conveyed to the ear of the listener, by the music.

In the introduction to the *Norma* of Bellini may be found the representation of a neighborhood in the most exalted style of art. Beginning with deep tones, it unfolds itself in gloom-inspiring harmonies, and truly reflects the impression which the gloom of an extensive wood produces on our feelings. Occasional glancing and disconnected tones appear to betoken light, breaking through the darkness of the grove; and thus is the first drop-scene of the opera, the grove of sacrifice, fitly delineated. Assured by this, the striking qualities of this tone-picture will still more forcibly suggest themselves to the reader, when I mention the exclamation of a person deprived of sight, who, on first hearing this introduction, instantly exclaimed that the scene then actually represented on the stage must be a forest.

Instrumental music has the peculiar property of addressing itself to each listener, and calling out his individual feelings, independently as, and in addition to its general influence on the mass. This is the effect which the poet in the prologue to Goethe's *Faust* is told to expect from a drama composed on popular principles. Each one sees what he carries in his heart.

-- Vocal music, from the earliest period to which history or tradition can go back has been found married to immortal verse, and though they have been now divorced for two or three thousand years, neither of them has yet learnt to appear to full advantage when apart. The best and most forcible illustration of vocal music, and that which richly

merits all the praises that have been lavished upon it, is in the Erl King of Goethe, set to music by Schubert. The fearful gloom in which the night veils the country is made present to us, and the shuddering sensation, which an actual night-scene of the kind would excite in us, is worked up to the highest pitch.

The timorous urging and complaining of the child, the pacifying assurances of the father, the allurements of the unearthly voice of the spirit, the hurried tramps of the horse, the terrible shock of the father at discovering the death of his child—all these various periods could not be portrayed by music alone in so touching a manner as in this composition. The poem alone would fall short of such an effect, although by one of the greatest masters of any time or country.

Much has been said already as to the many-sidedness of this art. But there is no more convincing proof how thoroughly music is the language of our feelings, how closely interwoven with our whole being, than the reflection, in how many ways and to what different purposes it is applied.

The inhabitant of a civilized country may daily convince himself of this; he, however, has the jewel within his grasp, and often ceases to think about it, or does not know its value.

But place a savage, who either had no previous acquaintance at all with the capabilities of music, or knew it only in its rudest, most unfinished state,

in the capital of a European country, particularly on a Sunday, and let all the ordinary applications of music be brought before him. In the first place go with him to church. He hears a christian congregation proclaim the glory of God in solemn songs of praise accompanied by the impressive harmonies of the organ; and, moved to his inmost soul, wrapped in the deepest wonder, he will stand lost in admiration of the sublimity of this tribute to the supreme being. After divine service he repairs to the parade, where he sees the troops exercised to the sound of military music, and the love of battle and the spirit of manhood are upstired and inflamed in his breast, and he would fain press into the ranks of war. He is next taken to the palace of the sovereign, where he finds the joys of the table heightened by pleasing, inspiriting music. On his return he sees a grand military funeral move majestically through the streets, and hears the solemn wailing tones of the mourning music, mingled with the dead beat of the drum. In the evening he visits the theatre, and hears an opera, in which the music, thoroughly corresponds with the action. By way of conclusion, he is conducted to a ball, where he sees a numerous society of dancers moving to the nicely-tuned tones of stirring instruments. This savage, beside himself with wonder and admiration, would infallibly be brought to the conclusion that almost all the actions of the inhabitants of this capital, their doings, joys, and sorrows, are invariably

accompanied by music. He would tell his friends in his native land "I have discovered a people who can neither dine, nor dance, nor amuse themselves in society, nay, not even bury their dead, without music!" And this is actually the case with all civilized communities. Music has become every way indispensable to every one who knows its value, in all the circumstances of life.

It may not be known that the Crown Prince of Hanover is suffering under a temporary deprivation of sight, borne with a pious cheerful fortitude, which has endeared him tenfold to those who have been about him since the first approach of this calamity. He has been known to remark, "When nature buttons up one sense, it becomes necessary to unbutton another;" and, like Milton, he has found in music a never-failing solace and resource. This is the true key to the high-toned enthusiasm and profound spirit of devotion with which the preceding article is imbued; and it also accounts for much which may seem over-wrought and exaggerated to those whose sensibilities have not been compressed into a narrow channel, nor their attention concentrated perforce on the impressions received through the medium of a verse.

He himself is doubtless the blind man who discovered the scene to be a forest; and there is nothing

at all surprising in the fact ; for with an ear cultivated to the highest degree of delicacy, a memory stored with images of natural beauty, and a heart overflowing with sympathy, the slightest, faintest train of association, a passage, note, or tone, indicating any one of the characteristic features of forest-scenery, might suffice,—

“ And as a fort to which beleag’rers win
Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within;
One clear idea, centred in the breast,
By memory’s magic lets in all the rest.”

The grand object and highest prerogative of all the fine arts is, or ought to be, the same ; to present images of power, beauty, and sublimity, capable of expanding, refining, or elevating the mind ; and excite passions, feelings, affections, or emotions, corresponding with those which the most striking scenes in nature, or the most touching passages of human existence might call up. Even in painting, necessarily the most imitative, mere facility of imitation is a vulgar quality at best ; and Parrhassius’s curtain which his rival attempted to lift up, or the supposed door at Greenwich Hospital which visitors were wont to run against, rank far below the most outrageous libel in nature which Fuseli himself ever perpetrated. We would therefore rather rest the fame of the acknowledged masterpieces of musical composition, even those so judiciously selected as examples by the Crown Prince, on the broad general impression produced by them, than on their

imitative felicities. Handel must have felt prouder of the vague tumultuous feeling of awe and veneration called forth by the choruses in his *Messiah*, than of the resemblance discovered, by critics between a passage in one of his *sorenatas* and the walk of a giant; and the attempt to represent the sun standing still, in the Oratorio of *Joshua*, almost reduces him to the level of the ingenious inventor first brought into notice by the late Charles Mathews, who, to illustrate his scheme of imitative action, used to give his hands a rotary motion at the mention of his globe.

Haydn, again, has been frequently commended for representing the thing itself, where it would be much higher praise to say that he had simply called up the higher class of associations, connected with it.

Ed. London Quarterly Review.

PRUSSIA.

IN PRUSSIA, the best unrepresentative government in Europe, education is regulated by law, and music forms a necessary part of it. Drinking to excess, which from the time of Tacitus, and probably earlier, down to the commencement of the present century, was the cardinal vice of all Germany, has yielded to the charms of song throughout the whole of the Prussian dominions. In no country, of which we have any knowledge, are the people more honest, industrious, happy and enlightened.

PLAGIARISM.

Since the commencement of this work, we have been accused of undue severity, and of manifesting a bitter spirit in some of our articles. We are not aware of any such circumstance. We have done no more than was our duty, and as we really believe, not half of that. In order to convince our readers that this opinion is correct, we shall go into a short investigation of the subject, and explain what we understand by plagiarism. If those individuals, who object to our criticisms, possessing as they do so much regard for harmony, will for a moment examine their own feelings on the subject, they may possibly discover, that their repugnance to our course arises from some cause, that differs widely from true love to the science.

In regard to music we need the same severe and just criticisms, that we have in any and every other science. It is for the want of these criticisms that musical men make no higher attainments. Let our musical performances, music books and periodicals be what is vulgarly called 'soaped up' by the public press, and music becomes shorn of all her beauty, and expires beneath her unnatural load of filth. Her votaries want the critic's lash to start their vital energies, and keep them on the borders of originality. Let musical works be reviewed and criticised like

other productions, and we should soon see the science assume a dignity and importance equal to her intrinsic merits. Just look at the criticisms on some of our literary works, and see if we are not completely behind our cotemporaries in regard to severity. Take the following article as an illustration, which appeared some time since in the American Monthly Review, criticising a work on Geology by D. J. B. of this city. We copy the language of the writer.

"Mr. D. J. B. is a hardened literary burglar. He has been admonished, and doubtless the public has inflicted on him some pecuniary mulct. He is however very bold, but we trust not incorrigible. The book before us is the first of a dozen thefts, which this old offender has now determined to perpetrate. He openly avows his plan, telling us that this is only the first number of a series of "First Lessons in Natural History," a series on "Chemistry, Mineralogy, Zoology, Mazology, Ornithology, *Piscology*," &c. As this is the determined purpose, the malice prepense, of D. J. B., we know not how to shame him out of it, except by setting him in our pillory, and depositing there some of the goods he has already purloined from other men. Let every man claim his own; there can be no mistake about the property, and its rightful owner.

"This stringer together of stolen patches, lacks the tact and cunning, common to adepts, "so far stept in" in mischief. He has not taken the usual precaution, of altering the secreted articles, except in a

few cases; and the alterations consist in wanton defacement. Perhaps D. J. B. thought himself perfectly secure in taking page after page for his book, from De La Beche's "Manual," because this work is, unfortunately, very little known among us. Well then might the compiler of this book think, that he could freely take word for word, sentence for sentence, page for page, notes, and even the very punctuation, from De La Beche's "Manual," without the slightest acknowledgment, not even so much as " " to show us that he was indebted to any person for sentence or syllable."

We have not room to copy the whole of this writer's criticisms on the production of Mr. D. J. B. Nor is it necessary. The spirit of the writer is manifested in what we have already quoted. We give however his closing remarks.

"The book is worthless, fit neither to buy, borrow, beg nor *steal*; though on the last point we differ "*toto caelo*" from D. J. B.

The inference we draw from the last remark is not that the book contains nothing within itself valuable; for the writer has already shown, that the scraps were stolen from a very valuable work, but that the author has presented them in a form so mutilated as entirely to destroy their value.

How far the foregoing criticism of D. J. B's. book will apply to our musical productions, we leave the public to judge. We certainly need such bold and manly attacks as these on the works of every man

who would palm off the productions of others as his own, whether he be engaged in compiling matter for the musical public, or treatises on Geology.

The criticism on D. J. B's book, which will apply with equal justice to a multitude of musical works, reminds us of a story concerning a thief, who once stole a quantity of clothing from a tailor's shop, and, in order to pass it off to his customers without detection, dissected the garments, and transposed the sleeves, legs, &c. from one garment to another, so that no particular article could be identified. For a time he succeeded to admiration; for no decent workman would claim a coat, where only one half resembled the original. This literary thief—we mean chattel thief,—was in a fair way to become rich by this business-like transaction, and would in spite of every obstacle have become rich, had he not become slack in his alterations; when his garments assumed too much of the original. How he finally succeeded we know not, but presume he shared the fate of all burglars, whose days are short, and whose histories are soon told.

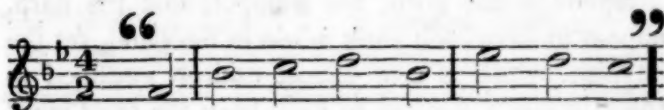
If, in the foregoing illustrations, plagiarism is not sufficiently defined, to meet the views of our readers, we will just refer them to Noah Webster, who has given a most critical definition. "Plagiarism," says he, "is the act of purloining another man's literary works, and putting them off as one's own;" "literary theft." Plagiarism, when applied to musical composition, consists in introducing passages or

strains from the works of other composers, and then claiming them as original. The analogy of language is perfectly to the point. Letters and syllables, separate and detached, are common property, because they convey no ideas. But when connected into words, and as such become identified in the language of another, they are his property so far as regards their peculiar construction. Hence the necessity of copy-rights. Notes are analogous to letters, and cannot alone express ideas. A group of notes or perhaps a measure may be compared to single words, and as such belong to all. But when a sufficient number of notes stand connected together, so that by their peculiar situation, they convey the ideas of him who arranged them, they then become his property; and whoever copies them without giving credit is a plagiarist.

Any alteration in the rhythmical construction does not alter the nature of the transaction. The greatest ignoramus in composition may in some way alter the character of a tune by changing the key, the rhythm or the metre; but in so doing, he displays either the ingenuity of a rogue or the vanity of a fool. No man can become a composer without deep study and application. An off hand composition will almost inevitably be an imitation. He, who has for years been in the habit of listening to music or performing himself, will always find strains floating in his mind, which will adapt themselves to any words he may desire; and he may have the vanity to think

himself an author, when not a single original idea ever flowed from his brain.

A writer on any other subject whatever, when he uses the language of another, gives credit, either by naming the author if he be known, or inclosing the borrowed passage in marks of quotation. We would suggest this plan to our musical composers. Whenever a composer has arranged a production, that contains a quantity of selected matter we would propose, that the borrowed strains be marked thus ;



To this plan we can see but one objection. Some composers would be obliged to inclose more matter than would escape. To all such we would recommend the shorter course of inclosing all original matter, declaring to the world fairly, and plainly that all strains not inclosed are selected.



MUSIC.

"Ere night bade chaotic darkness flee, or the heavenly bodies were in harmonious order framed, **MUSIC** struck her golden harp, and strains of harmony echoed around the eternal Throne."

THE BAGPIPE.

PER. ANECDOTES.

The bagpipe, or at least an instrument very similar to it, appears to have been known to the ancients. Representations of it are frequently met with on coins, vases, and other monuments of antiquity ; and among the Romans, it was known by the name of *tibia utricularia*.

Although the horn, the trumpet, and the harp, appear to have been early in use in Scotland, yet the bagpipe, which is now almost entirely confined to the Highlands, appears to have been the most common musical instrument in the low part of the country. James the First introduced the bagpipe to heighten the disorderly festivities of "Peblis to the Play."

"The bagpipe blew, and thai out threw,
Out of the townis untald."

It appears from other old poems, that it was an instrument equally adapted to war and peace ; and that the piper whose station was "full in the van," in the day of battle, used, in harvest time, to play behind the reapers while at work ; thus, in the *Elegy on Habbie Simpson*, the piper of Kilbarchan, it is asked,

—"Wha will cause our snearers shear?
Wha will bend up the brags of weir?"

It has been, with great appearance of probability,

supposed, that "to the poetical enthusiasm thus excited and kept alive, we are probably indebted for many of those airs and songs which have given Scotland so unrivalled a celebrity, while the authors of them remain as unknown, as if they had never existed."

The bagpipe, however, was not peculiar to Scotland. In England, too, this instrument seems to have been pretty early introduced. A bagpiper was retained in the court of Queen Elizabeth, and Shakespeare gives Falstaff for one of his similes, "as melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe."

The bagpipe appears to have been an instrument of great antiquity in Ireland, though it is uncertain whence they derived it; but as it was also introduced at a very early period into Britain, it is probable that both the Irish and Danes borrowed the instrument from the Caledonians.

There are several distinct kinds of bagpipe, of which the Irish pipe is the softest, and, in some respects, the most melodious, so that music books have been published with directions how to play on it. The Highland pipe is exceedingly loud, and almost deafening if played in a room; and, therefore, it is chiefly used in the fields, for marches, &c. It requires a prodigious blast to sound it, so that those who are not accustomed to it, cannot imagine how Highland pipers can continue to play for hours together, as they are often known to do. The Scots' Lowland pipe is also a very loud instrument, though not so much so as the Highland pipe.

The attachment of the Highlanders to their *pibrochs* is almost incredible, and on some occasions is said to have produced effects scarcely less marvellous than those ascribed to the ancient music. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment, of the bad conduct of his corps. "Sir," said he with great warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of action. Nay, even now it would be of use." "Let them blow as they like, then," said the general, "if it will bring back the men." The pipers were then ordered to play a favorite martial air; and the moment the Highlanders heard the music, they returned to their duty with the most cheerful alacrity.

Formerly there was a kind of college in the Isle of Sky, where the Highland bagpipe was taught; the teachers making use of pins stuck into the ground, instead of musical notes. This college has, however, been long dissolved, and the use of the Highland pipe was sinking rapidly into disuse, when a society of gentlemen, thinking it impolitic to allow the ancient martial music of the country to decline, resolved to revive it, by giving an annual prize to the best performers on the instrument. These competitions were first held at Falkirk, but they have now been for many years established at Edinburgh.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

SEE MUSIC ON PAGES 190 AND 191.

This is a hymn written on the death of the Emperor Francis by Castelli, and adapted to the air composed by Haydn for the coronation of that monarch. It is now performed both publicly and privately, in every part of the Austrian dominions; the government of Francis was quite paternal, except in that part of Italy which was under his sway; and he was naturally affable and benevolent.

Simple in appearance and manners, and kind from disposition rather than from policy, he was much beloved by the Viennese, with whom he mixed in public walks, and even in the streets, often unaccompanied by an attendant, and always without any external indications of either royalty or superiority.

But, better to express sorrow, the first two stanzas are sung in the *minor* key of G. Thus it is called *Trauer-Gesang*, i. e. *grief-song*. With the last stanza, denominated *Hoffnungs-Gesang*, or *hope-song*, the major third is restored, and we have Haydn's hymn in its original form. We give a copy of the hymn, the first two verses of which are to be sung in the key of G minor, the last in the key of G major.

SONG OF GRIEF.

1. God, our Emperor has taken,
Francis from this earth is flown.

Good and just, of faith unshaken,
He receives the heavenly crown.
In our tears our hearts, grief stricken,
Are reflected every one.
We have lost our noble Father,
Emperor Francis, thou art gone.

2. Trust in God was all his armor,
Guarding him in evil hour;
Heaven's command alone his mandate,
Justice was his staff of power.
Hence the love of all his people,
Was his shield his proudest boast.
Francis! ne'er shall we forget thee,
Never shall thy name be lost.

SONG OF HOPE.

3. Though the cup be fraught with sorrow,
Sweets of hope are mingled there;
One shall yet succeed his virtues,
Ferdinand, his son and heir,
Like his father, he will guard us,
Tend his people, tend his land;
Live, long live our noble Emperor,
Our new Emp'ror Ferdinand.

NOTE.

On page 129 of the number for March in noticing a concert by the Academy, we said "with the drum we were by no means pleased." We intended this remark for the side drum, which we considered decidedly out of place, and not for the double drum, which was beat with skill accuracy and good taste.

CONCERTS.

Since our last we have heard of concerts and rumors of concerts almost without number. Braham and Russell have made a united effort to enlighten and edify the public, which for a season seemed to be the most important subject of general conversation. Mr. Müller has had a concert, vocal and instrumental, which has engrossed a due share of attention, and carried off a portion of the laurels. Mrs. Mills, alias Ellena Rainer, has given several farewell concerts for her own especial benefit. By the way, we are rather inclined to think, that the modern method of giving farewells by the dozen is somewhat advantageous to the pocket,—rather a profitable speculation. We have recently heard of this mode of operation not only in regard to music, but in various other departments of the active world. Whether it be a yankee trick or something else, we know not; but we venture the prediction, that many a yankee, will get out-witted by it. But we digress.

The Handel and Haydn societies, and the Musical Institute are industriously continuing their operations for the benefit of the art. The Boston Academy has just closed a course of ten concerts, six of which were vocal and four instrumental.

In general, we think that musical performances

are the most popular amusements of the day. Certainly nothing else occupies so many evenings, and calls out so large a number of crowded assemblies as popular concerts. All this is very well so far as it goes. In relation to the character of the music, we cannot bestow indiscriminate praise. Some portion is good,—very good, and some may well be denominated very bad—mere trash and humbug. Every thing finds a ready market, and every thing comes off with unbounded praise, and gets a full round of applause from the public press. If the performance be really good, it is so proclaimed by those editors, who have a sufficient degree of discrimination to know good music from bad. If it be of the lowest and coarsest kind, some editors will be found to raise a breeze and cry bravo, till their very lungs are ready to burst with high sounding notes of unmeaning clamor. Such is the rage for puffing, that the man, who pays out his cash the most freely, gets his wares puffed the most loudly, whether they be pills, razor straps or concerts.

We would recommend, that hereafter all such puffs of empty air be placed where they really belong, under the advertising head. Let Humbug & Co. speak for themselves, tell their own stories, and puff under their own colors, and puffing will pass for just what it is worth.

MORNING. L. M.

J. SMITH. From the English service.

Spanish style.

The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines; But, when our eyes be -

- hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines, We read thy name in fair - er

Organ.

hides.

ROUNDELAY. In my pleasant native plains.

FROM THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE. (1781.) LINLEY.



1. In my plea-sant na-tive plains,
2. Fields and flocks, and fra-grant flowers,
3. But the breath of ge-nial spring,

pp *pp*

Wing'd with bliss each mo-ment flew ; Na - ture
 All that health and joy im - part, Called for
 Waked the warblers of the grove. Who, sweet

p *pp* *p*

there in - spired the strains, Sim - ple as the
 art - less mu - sic's powers, Faith - ful e - choes
 birds ! that heard you sing, Would not join the

joys I knew ; Jo - cund morn and ev'n - ing
 to the heart. Hap - py hours for ev - er
 song of love ! Your sweet notes and chaunt-ings

gay, } Claim'd the merry, merry roun - de - lay.
gay, }
gay, }

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'gay, } Claim'd the merry, merry roun - de - lay.' are written below the vocal line, with the first three measures of the piano accompaniment also having the word 'gay,' written below them.

Claim'd the mer - ry, mer - ry roun - de - lay.

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'Claim'd the mer - ry, mer - ry roun - de - lay.' The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation.

sva.
piu for.

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The piano part includes dynamic markings: '*sva.*' (sforzando) above the treble staff and '*piu for.*' (pianissimo) above the bass staff.

fz

This system contains the final four measures (13-16) of the piece. The piano part features a forte dynamic marking '*fz*' (forzando) above the treble staff.

HYMN AT SUNSET. 109

GEO. J. WEBB.

TENOR. *Larghetto sostenuto.*

1. The mel-low eve is gli-ding Se - rene-ly down the west ;

2d. TREBLE. *Fia.*

2. The woodland hum is ring-ing The daylight's gentle close ;

3. The evening star has light-ed Her crys-tal lamp on high ;

1st. TREBLE.

4. In gold-en splendor dawning, The morrow's light shall break ;

BASE. *Fia.*

6 6 7 3 4 6 3

So, every care sub - si - ding, My soul would sink to rest. *dim.*

May angels round me sing-ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose.

So when in death be - night - ed, May hope illumine the sky.

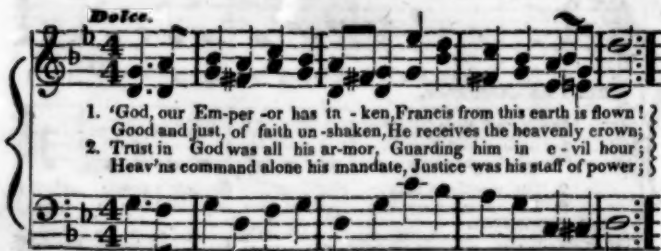
O! on the last bright morn - ing, May I in glo - ry wake. *dim.*

6 6 - 7 = 6 3

190 AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN. HAYDN.

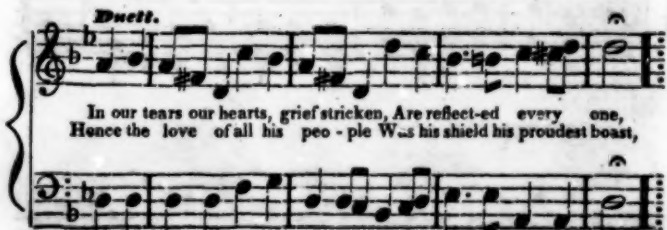
SONG OF GRIEF.

Dolce.



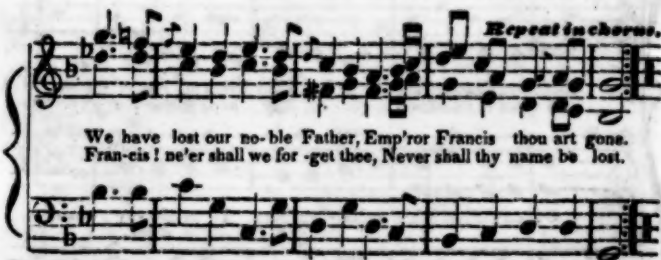
1. 'God, our Em-per - or has in - ken, Francis from this earth is flown !
 Good and just, of faith un - shaken, He receives the heavenly crown ;
 2. Trust in God was all his ar - mor, Guarding him in e - vil hour ;
 Heav'n's command alone his mandate, Justice was his staff of power ;

Dutti.



In our tears our hearts, grief stricken, Are reflect-ed every one,
 Hence the love of all his peo - ple Was his shield his proudest boast,

Repeat in chorus.

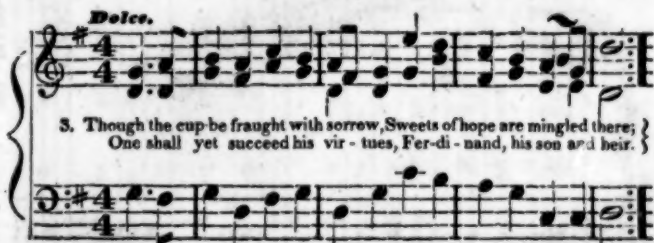


We have lost our no-ble Father, Emp'ror Francis thou art gone.
 Fran-cis ! ne'er shall we for - get thee, Never shall thy name be lost.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN. HAYDN. 191

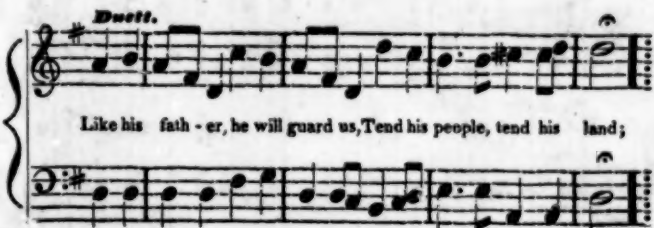
SONG OF HOPE.

Dolce.



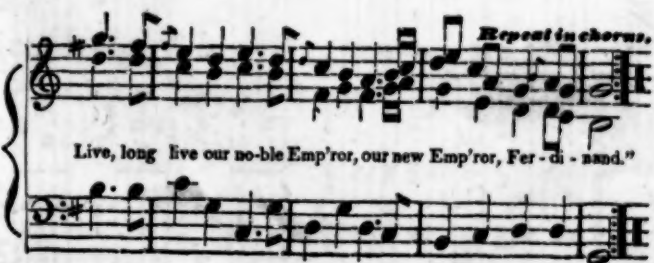
3. Though the cup be fraught with sorrow, Sweets of hope are mingled there;
One shall yet succeed his vir - tues, Fer-di - nand, his son and heir.

Duet.



Like his fath - er, he will guard us, Tend his people, tend his land;

Repeat in chorus.



Live, long live our no-ble Emp'ror, our new Emp'ror, Fer-di - nand."

Arranged from Louis Spohr.

VERNON. L. M.

First and Second Treble.

1. Blest be the Lord, the God of love, Who showers his blessings from above;

2. He to his saints redemption gives; The weak and humble he relies;

3. All they, who make his laws their choice, Shall in his promise - as rejoice;

The rock, on which the righteous trust, The hope and savior of the just.

Sup - port - ed by his grace we stand, For life and death are in his hand.

With glad - ness in their hearts, shall raise Be - fore his throne, triumphant praise.